

Keeper by Rebldomakr

Series: [Black Sugar](#) [4]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy Fists a Guy's Mouth, M/M, Mentions of homophobia, Non-Graphic Violence, Steve's a Keeper, i make good puns, who knows why

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington, mentions of others

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-06

Updated: 2017-12-06

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:13:31

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,037

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve watches after Billy. Can't keep him from doing anything stupid, sure, but he still does his best to take care of him.

Keeper

Author's Note:

sorry for any mistakes I missed while editing!

Steve Harrington was twenty-two years old. He worked for his father, got a fat paycheck every week, enjoyed a heavy trust fund that allowed him to go beyond his pay grade. He lived two blocks down from his parents' in the home they bought as a graduation present. He went to the doctor every year and to the dentist every six months. In all ways, he was a functioning adult man. Single women around Hawkins swooned after him; he was attractive, he was stable, and he was making money. He almost felt bad for them, because he had someone already.

A few days before Christmas, he got a call from Vinny B., the man who ran the grimmest bar in town. It was a sad thing that the man knew his number by heart, almost. "Come get your goddamn boy before he kills somebody." The man snarled into the phone before he hung up.

It took Steve two minutes to change out of his pajamas and five to get to the pub, the latter mostly because he got stuck behind Old Lady Sweet who was driving ten miles per hour home from the grocery store one town over. At St. Vinny's Suite, Billy was outside doing his best to fit his fist into some poor guy's mouth.

He honked twice to get Billy's attention and had to do it a third time. Finally, the man-child looked at him and grinned wide. He had blood splattered across the side of his face and dripping down from his nose, Steve was mostly sure the blood was at least partially his. "STEVIE!" Billy shrieked at the top of his lungs, yanking his fist out of the man's mouth and *skipping* over to the car.

"It's almost Christmas." Steve complained. "I promised dad we'd come over." He said.

Billy cackled and clapped. "Yeah, yeah! C'mon, king, I was just having a bit of fun."

Steve sighed. "Babe," He said.

"Okay, okay." Billy raised his hands up. "Just lemme go pay my tab to Vinny." He said. Steve nodded.

Barely a minute passed when Hargrove came back. The man he'd been orally invading was being carted off by his friends, all with hammered-in faces and one with a severe limp. Steve wondered how long it'd be before Billy finally got his ass handed to him. [*"Only my old man ever could, or someone with an ambush with a fucking drug." Billy once spat, blood blasting out and spraying Steve's white shirt. The stains would never come out.*]

"Let's go home." Billy said, sliding into the passenger seat. "We got any vodka or shit at home?"

"Dad gave me some microbrew he got while in Wisconsin." Steve said, putting the car into reverse. Billy nodded. He made sure not to run over anyone drunk and unaware, before going into drive and speeding out of the parking lot.

Hawkins had its fair share of controversies and load of gossip. Jim Hopper's daughter from some affair he had years back, a pretty young girl who was simply darling. Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler's unhappy marriage, which got solved only after three honeymoons to three different destinations in Europe, too. There was that incident with the Byers, plus that poor Barbara girl whose parents still haven't been able to move on. The church always knew who to bring meals to. But the biggest, juiciest thing Hawkins had ever gotten was when Billy Hargrove moved in with Steve Harrington.

"Can you believe such a thing?" One would say.

"I always knew something was a bit off from those two." Another would pipe in.

Hargrove worked at a factory twenty minutes off of town from Monday to Friday. He built diesel engines, sometimes he'd pick up

some extra hours at a neighboring shop that made custom-order machine parts and springs. He was always going over at least ten miles over the speed limit, but he was never pulled over. No one wanted to be that guy to try to give Billy Hargrove a ticket. He slept around and more than one girl, and woman, was given a night with him. They were all left only able to stare wistfully.

Harrington was just a reproduction of his father. Put in minimal effort and got the maximum benefits. Of course, he was also a good boy. He drove around a group of kids around until they all left Hawkins for college (except for Jane Hopper, who was proudly becoming a Hawkins officer after her father, and everyone was sure Mike Wheeler would be bringing himself back for her). Everyone knew he was the one who helped pay for Will Byers' tuition to UW in Madison. He had been a heartbreaker, flipping through teen girls like a single woman went through a romance novel.

Then, Hargrove graduated and just moved in with Harrington. No one knew exactly when, but they knew for sure when they started to go grocery shopping at least twice a week. They always argued what brand of beer to buy, and what kind of cereal to get. Steve bought clothes that weren't his size and Billy bought cheap jewelry from the dollar store that Steve would always wear for at least a few days.

It was something a lot of people talked about.

Apparently, a few men thought it was a good idea to go after Hargrove. He was an easy target, see, unlike Harrington. If someone messed with him, they had to answer to the wealthy force of his parents and the fact that now two members of the police force adored him. But no one liked Hargrove.

One of them had to spend three months in the hospital, and he was forever with a limp. The other two simply kept away from Hargrove, the bruises took weeks to fade completely and their noses never looked to same, nor did that one guy's eyebrow ever grow back right again.

That sort of thing happened for a while, until everyone decided they wouldn't bother the two boys who lived together. It was easier to ignore than to try to fight it.

“Kind boy, taking care of Hargrove like that.” Old Lady Sweet said to her hairdresser, who agreed completely.

Author's Note:

don't worry they went back for billy's car in the morning. also, back in the day they either (1) ignored the homosexual crowd or (2) tried to get rid of them. at least, from my knowledge and what I've been told of that era. we all damn well know that billy wouldn't give a flying fuck what people tried to do with him. in this 'verse, his dad isn't in the picture anymore, though you'll find out if I ever bother to write that out lmao